

# *Ring: Telling the tales of trees.*

by Moyra Turkington

Play alone or as an echoing round with others in your stand.

Remember that you do not have a human mind, and let that inform your telling.

Proclaim the height and span, fruit and foliage, root and rot, cork and bark of you! Tell us of the loam in which you stand, on what your roots grasp to, how the light dapples through your branches. Tell us what it feels like to stretch ever outwards in the slow motion of the seasons.

Tell these stories, in order:

- ⌚ *How I Came To Be Seeded Here*
- ⌚ *What Scarred My Sapling Years*
- ⌚ *The Golden Season of My Widest Ring*
- ⌚ *The Human Who Came to Know Me*
- ⌚ *The Storm That Changed Me.*
- ⌚ *What I Was to Those that Lived Within Me  
(And What They Were to Me)*
- ⌚ *That Which Finally Felled Me*

Then tell us what became of your felled body.

